

Name: mynameisblueskye
Country: USA
Occupation: Freelance blogger

Bullying Can Bring Out the Killer in Your Kid

A few weeks ago, my mom told me about a guy with Asperger's who killed someone in his school for teasing him. The kicker was that the kid he killed had never teased him. Now, he is in jail, thanks to all of the years of teasing he endured. When my mom shared this story, it didn't seem the least bit like news to me.

You could tell that my mom was concerned when she asked, "have you ever felt like you were going to kill somebody when you were young?" I opened up and said without hesitation "Yes."

I was placed in the caste of being the weird kid as many of us probably have. I grew up in stages from elementary school (to where kids will call you gay or make fun of your clothes, right in front of the teacher or the bus driver) to middle school, when you were in a way already screwed, in terms of fitting in with society.

I grew up at a time where your parents told you if one hits you, hit them back. And the teachers told you if someone hits you, either tell the teacher or turn the other cheek. Between the two, you have to side with your parents, because you could tell by experience that you can tell the teacher till he quits or retires, but it was not going to make them stop.

But things didn't get worse, till I got to summer camp. In summer camp, they did things like broke my CD player. One big dude talked about me, threw on orange at me, locked me in a cabin, right when I was trying to get to a swimming class, and yet again, pulling out the ever-familiar and ever reliable accusations of homosexuality by someone who hasn't a clue of what being gay is (I was old enough to notice the irony of a pale kid who looked like he had been raiding his mama's makeup kit on the low calling me gay), and ostracizing me fully, when I wanted to do something with them.

Things didn't really start till this big boy (you know, that stereotypical kid who is taller and fatter than you, hence possibly stronger and more violent than you?) put me up to fighting him in front of all other cabins. It wasn't till I took my first swing and we started fighting that afterwards, people started respecting me and leaving me alone.

Things didn't stop there. In middle school, the animosity and ostracizing came from the likes of women now. Anytime a girl either tried to make fun of me or gave me attitude, I had no problem with hitting her.

When I was in high school and got into a fight with a girl (it seems middle school is the year I started having trouble getting along with girls or vice versa), people pulled me off of her. That's when I said, "it's people like you that inspired events like Columbine". Two things happened. 1) a girl agreed that bullying influenced that type of stuff, and 2) some people were afraid that one day, I might be the one to wind up shooting up the high school. So, it seemed like people weren't ever going to lay off of me, until I made a move to make them stop.

I told my mom that people like to think that they can help their child or that going to you is the way. But the truth really is that I can go to you plenty of times, the kids will not stop. At least not where you can't see us. Sure, I was weird, but how nuts could I possibly have been compared to a boy who called me a transsexual for having long dreads? And the more various kids in various grade stages do this, the more it affects your child psychologically. And when your child passes their breaking point, it could be too late. Just hope your child knows how to manage their anger later on in life.

Let this be a lesson to you and your kids.

Have you or your kids ever been bullied? How did you deal with it? How do you help your kids deal with bullying?